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- PROPERTY OF :-

HALSEY C. IVES.

# ART AND MUSIC.

VOL. I.

FOR OCTOBER, 1881.

NO. 2.

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# LANDSCAPE

(FROM A SKETCH)

—BY—

*HERMAN H. BOLLMAN.*

[ORIGINAL PLATE.]

BITINGS.	MINUTES.
Sulphid of Copper acid and water, in equal quantities.	
Lightest touches in extreme distance, and sky	3
Trees in distance, lightest touches in foreground, and the light shading of tree to the right	7
Darker parts of middle distance; foliage to the right	10
Side of house and fence on the left	13
Deepest lines in foreground and darkest shadings on trees and foliage in foreground	18

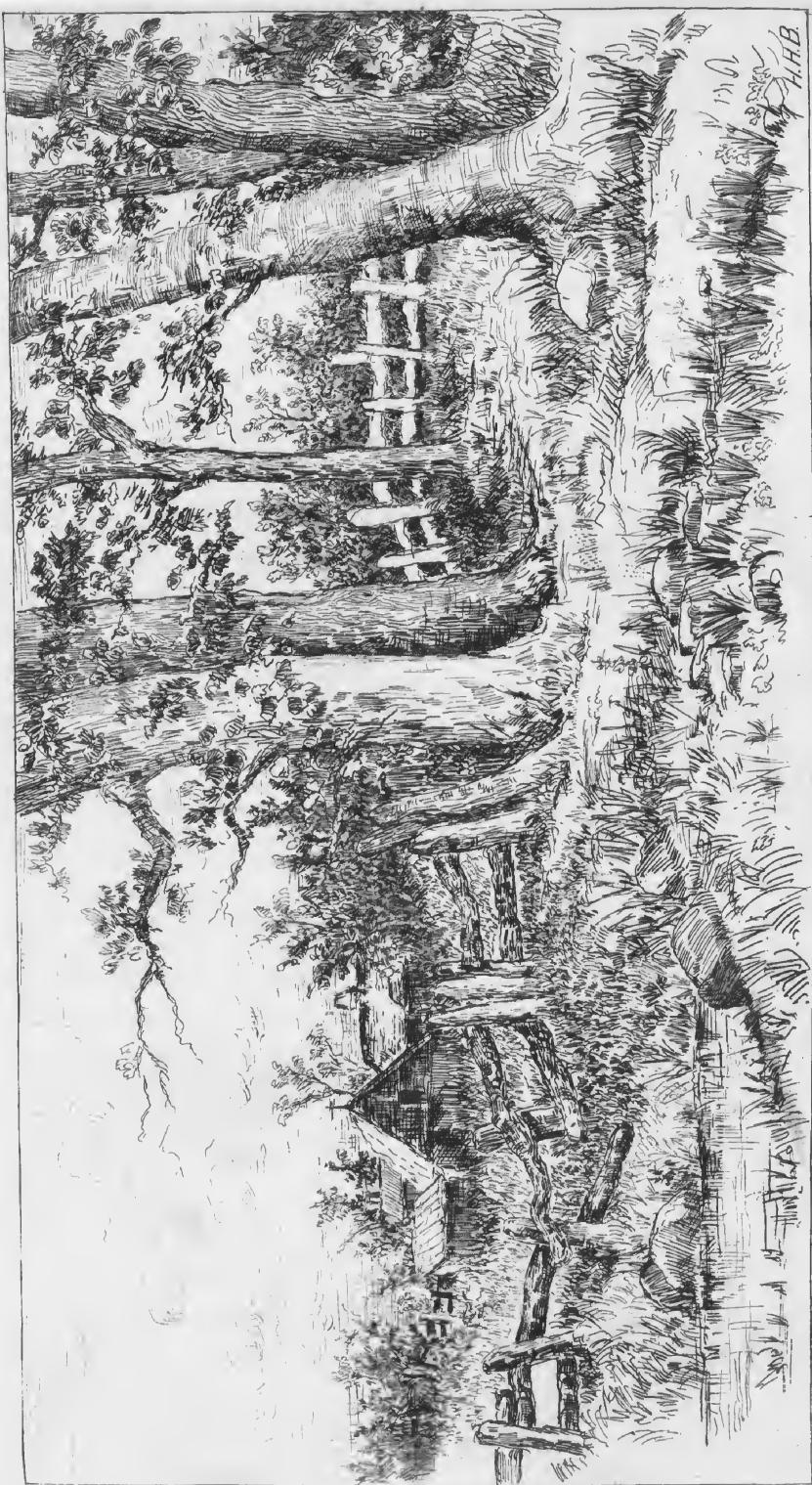
First proof taken.

A few lines had to be weakened with the scraper, whilst a few lines which had been forgotten were introduced, finishing the plate as originally intended.



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Oct 1881

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PANORAMA OF FLORENCE FROM PIAZZA MICHAEL ANGELO.

Sketch by Will S. Eames.

## FLORENCE.



Sketch by W. S. Eames.

HERE is a world of interest centering in Florence. Here for years lived the greatest men known to art, science, poetry and literature. The names of Michael Angelo, Raphael, Leonardo di Vinci, Dante, Macchiavelli and Galileo will be ever associated with that of the beautiful city; but as our stay at this time must be necessarily short, and we have only time to examine the art-treasures, let us walk leisurely from our hotel along the quay fronting on the Arno, keeping in the shade as much as possible, for the sun's rays are fierce and melting, until we come to the Ponte Vecchio, the old bridge with houses built upon it and occupied for three hundred years by goldsmiths; then turning to the left we come to the Loggiato Degli Uffizi, the magnificent portico which leads to the Uffizi Gallery.

At the entrance we leave our umbrellas or canes, as none such are allowed among the precious paintings in the galleries above, as the temptation to point with a stick is great, and of all the thousands who come, some of them would inevitably get too close, and the result would be an irreparable injury to the priceless treasures upon the walls. If it be not Sunday or Thursday, when we come to the next to the last flight of stairs, there will be found a polite official to accept from us a *lire* each, in return for which he gives us tickets of admission to this gallery and also to the Pitti Palace across the river. These two splendid galleries are the only places we have yet found in Italy where the attendants did not expect a gratuity of some sort from

Jan 14-1950 #765 (Bulky)

the stranger. If you go to a hotel at midnight and leave immediately after breakfast in the morning, when you go to the omnibus you will find a row of cringing, fawning servants all the way from the scullion to the chief clerk and porter waiting for some sort of a gift. But, as I said before, in these matchless galleries, for once the visitor is rid of this intolerable nuisance, as placards are conspicuously posted politely asking the visitors to give attendants nothing and concluding with the warning that any one who accepts such will be summarily discharged. We must not be offended either if an attendant is always in the same room with us. Not for an instant is a stranger ever allowed in one of these rooms unwatched. They are not obtrusive and apparently are not noticing you, but from underneath their eyebrows every movement is noticed.



PONTE VECCHIO.

Phototypic Fac-Simile of an Original Pen-and-Ink Sketch by Will S. Kander.

The reason will be found in certain canvases which show that some scoundrel had taken a knife and cut therefrom a precious head, then sneaked away with it, until a fabulous reward were offered, when it would be restored. At the head of the stairs in the first vestibule, just beyond the turnstile which admits the visitor, are busts of the Medici family, but we are interested in them no further than knowing the fact that to atone for some of their crimes, possibly, they founded this gallery. What is interesting are its bronze statues of Mars and Silenus, the latter holding the infant Bacchus in his arms. The original of this is in Rome and there is a plaster copy of the group in the Museum of the St. Louis School of Fine Arts. In the second vestibule will be found a marble horse which is thought to have belonged to the Niobe group, the splendid marble boar we have seen copied all our lives, and the two fine dogs which have been rendered

so atrociously common through the cast-iron reproductions of them as to destroy, in a measure, the interest felt in the beautiful originals. If the streets were paved with diamonds, we should soon tire of them. We now enter a corridor five hundred and thirty-four feet long, and on the walls are five hundred and thirty-four portraits, a remarkable coincidence—one to a foot,—so you see they are small; but as they are on both sides it gives them a little more space—two feet each. Below these portraits are antique sculptures, but as we are impatient to see the great pictures first, like a boy who would prefer to eat his ice-cream before the fish were served, we will walk straight through until we come to the door on the left leading into the Tribuna. It has been truly said that this octagonal room "contains a magnificent and almost unparalleled collection of



THE BOAR IN THE UFFIZI GALLERY.

Phototypic Fac-Simile of an Original Pen-and-Ink Sketch by Will S. Eames.

masterpieces of ancient sculpture and modern painting." In the center of the room are five celebrated marble sculptures. Satyr playing on the cymbal and pressing the "scabellum" with his foot. The head, arms and part of the feet were restored by Michael Angelo, and who doubts that they are equal to the original members? If I mistake not, a copy of this work is in the Museum at home, and I know there is one of the next group—the Wrestlers—found with that of the children of Niobe; then the Venus de Medici, a copy of which is in the Mercantile Library, and the Grinder, or knife-sharpener, which to me is perhaps the most wonderful piece of statuary in existence. The young Apollo is from the school of Praxiteles. Of the paintings, we naturally turn to those of Raphael: the Madonna and Child and the young St. John.

I can imagine a shade of disappointment overspread your face as you see these works; not that you have any fault to find with them, but you fail perhaps to perceive that quality of greatness which should place this man on a pedestal high above all the others on earth. The portrait formerly called the Fornarina, you like much better, but you find there is a doubt cast upon its authenticity. Let us now turn to Titian's Venus of Urbina, thought to be the princess Eleonora. The figure is entirely nude, and it has thus been well described: "Not after the model of a Phryne, not yet with the thought of realizing anything more sublime than woman in her fairest aspect, did Titian conceive this picture. Nature as he represents it here is young and lovely, not transfigured into ineffable noblesse, but conscious and triumphant without loss of modesty." The Sibyl of Samos, by Guercino, is wonderfully sweet and winning, as is the Madonna by Guido Reni. Above is the Madonna with Two Saints, by Andrea del Sarto; the Holy Family, by Domenichino; a Venus of ripe and rounded form, by Titian; an Adoration of the Magi, by Alber Durer, said to be the first important easel picture by this master; a Holy Family, by Michael Angelo, where the robust power of this giant in art manifests itself in the massive form of the Virgin; and many other masterpieces by great men less generally known than those already mentioned.

But in this wilderness of art, where the greatest on earth look out upon you through their works, why attempt to designate? You do not want a catalogue, for that may be purchased for one *lire*, and no feeble effort of mine can convey to you any conception of the splendor of this collection. The French, Dutch, Flemish, and all the different schools of Italy are superbly represented. Then there is the best collection of portraits in existence, from the earliest days of painting down to the present time, each one painted by the artist himself. Michael Angelo, Leonardo di Vinci, Raphael, Rubens, Rembrandt, Van Dyck, Andrea del Sarto, Reynolds, and hundreds of others known to all men. Here we see portraiture in its noblest form,—portraits not painted to please the sitter, but as examples of the best work of which the artist was capable, painted in their own manner, with the consciousness that for all time they were to be in company with the greatest of all ages. There is nameless treasure in the antique sculptures, but these I cannot name as the time is too short.

Descending from the gallery we turn to the right and enter the Piazza Signoria, the most important square in Florence, and at one time the forum of the republic. On the right is the Palazzo Vecchio, a mighty building, once the seat of the Signoria or government of the republic. At the far corner of the edifice is the Great Fountain with colossal statue of Neptune, which stands upon the spot where Savonarola and two other Dominican monks were burned at the stake in 1498. At the left as we enter the Piazza is the Loggia dei Lanzi, a lofty portico supported by massive columns. Standing upon the raised pavement of the Loggia in full view from the square upon which the structure faces, are several most beautiful groups of statuary. The finest of these is Perseus holding aloft the severed head of the monster Medusa, while at his feet lies her body writhing in the agony of death. The group is of bronze, and for nobility of pose and

graceful outline I have not seen it surpassed. The drawing here reproduced, made by the artist who was my companion through Europe, will convey a good impression of this noble work. The Rape of the Sabines is also a magnificent group, occupying a position on the left corresponding with that of Perseus on the right. As we pass along the streets, we notice at the corners of buildings projecting brackets of bronze or wrought iron, fashioned like lions, dragons or griffins, devices as artistic as they are grotesque. These were made to hold torches in the olden times, many centuries before the modern appliances for lighting streets were dreamed of. The initial letter at the beginning of this article is reproduced from a drawing of one of these.

Let us rest for a night, somewhat bewildered with the wonders we have seen.

Notwithstanding the suffocating heat, and the mosquitoes, and the dreadful din in the streets all night, of men singing and getting rid of their exuberance of spirit in an altogether unmusical, and—to the tired traveler—unamusing manner, you awake in the morning somewhat refreshed from the little sleep which came toward daylight, only after complete exhaustion. In Florence during the heated term night brings no relief. There are no cooling breezes from the sea such as we get at Venice. There is no Lido with its breaking surf to bathe in, but heat almost unbearable day and night. Nothing but the knowledge that you have come more than five thousand miles to see the art wonders of the city keeps you there for a day. At evening when the sun is low you can get some respite by taking a cab by the hour and driving out through the narrow, odorous streets to the hills where are located the pleasant villas of the nobility. As time is nothing to the cabman, only to make the drive as long as possible, his horse is trained to walk as soon as he gets within sight of a hill, and as there is a slight incline for a couple of miles, you have plenty of time for observation. If you manifest impatience he makes a great flourish with his whip and makes believe that he is doing his best to



PERSEUS. BY BENVENUTO CELLINI.

Phototypic Fac-Simile of an Original Drawing by  
W. S. Eames.

increase the speed of his antiquated steed; but the horse knows that he is humbugging you and pays not the slightest attention to his movements. But if another cab comes alongside and attempts to throw dust in his face, he gets in earnest. He does not flourish his whip this time, but pounds on the floor with the butt of the handle, and away you go like a rocket.

By this route you pass out the Porta Romana, and wind up the hill through shady groves along the Viale Macchiavelli, past the Tivoli and the Piazzale Galileo into the Viale Galileo, until you reach the Piazzale Michael Angelo. From this lofty terrace you overlook the entire city. In the center of the square is a colossal bronze statue of Michael Angelo's David, the original of which is in the Academy of Fine Arts. The pedestal is ornamented with bronze copies of Day, Night, Twilight and Dawn of Day, by Michael Angelo, which are in the New Sacristi of St. Lawrence. A much better idea of this noble work is had from this colossal replica than from the original in its cramped position in the Academy.

Our next visit is to the Pitti Palace. Passing over the Ponte Vecchio, and through a narrow street crowded at all times with vehicles and people, we come to the Piazza Pitti. At the summit of a small hill is the Pitti Palace. The open piazza or square lying on the hillside is now all of a shimmer with heat. In all of these Italian squares there is never a blade of grass or anything green, but white shining gravel which absorbs the heat and sets the air in the wavy motion which you may have noticed over a red hot stove. So blinding are the scorching rays of the sun, that colored glasses, which may be procured for a *lire*, are almost indispensable. The Palace itself is of the heavy, massive style of architecture so characteristic of the public buildings of Florence. The collection of paintings is much smaller than that of the Uffizi, as it contains but five hundred, while the larger gallery has more than three times that number; but the average is even higher. Here we find not less than a dozen works by Raphael, among which is the best known of all his pictures—the Madonna della Sedia. In this we recognize the genius which has placed him at the head of painters of all times. No copy or engraving of the work gives the faintest idea of its incomparable beauty. Speaking of copies reminds me of a curious fact. In all of the great galleries will be found dozens of copyists generally working before the most celebrated pictures. The authorities are very indulgent to them considering the caricatures which they almost invariably make. Quite often a large picture is taken from the wall and placed on an easel near a window in order that they may have a good light to work by. A room is generally provided in the building, where these copies are exposed for sale. Of all the hundreds which I have seen in different places, I have not met one which would give even an approximate idea of the original. They frequently get the drawing correct, but the color they cannot reach. It would seem as though they did not attempt to produce a literal copy of the work, but rather their conception of the way the picture ought to have been painted. And yet people buy such stuff and pay good prices for it. In the Pitti gallery is by far the greatest work by Rubens we have yet seen, and I cannot well see how he or

any one could paint a better picture. It is called the Consequences of War. It is spirited in action, faultless in composition and magnificent in color. Raphael's Holy Family, called *dell' Impannata*, is a superb work. But in so large a collection where every work is almost without exception a master-piece, why attempt to describe? I will mention, however, a head by Substermans, a portrait described as a Prince of Denmark, which strikes me as being the most wonderful piece of portrriture I have seen by any one. It seems not like a picture, but a living, speaking being. In one of the small rooms are two bronze statues of Cain and Abel, modeled by G. Dupre. Cain is placed in the center of the room; the knowledge of his heinous crime seems just to have dawned upon him and every muscle of his body is expressive of the most intense horror. The statue of the dead Abel lies at the side of the room, a ghastly wound in the head showing the fraticide's blow. The floor is paved with glazed tiling, and you can trace the steps of those who enter the apartment. A pathway is worn from the door where they come in, around in front of the Cain, then over to the Abel, the glazing being entirely obliterated, while in other parts of the room it is as perfect as ever. In this collection is a fine work by Tiarini illustrating a subject which for some curious and unknown reason has been entirely neglected by painters of Bible subjects, as I do not remember of having seen another anywhere,—and that is, Adam and Eve weeping over the dead body of Abel. The lives of our first parents have been illustrated in every conceivable mannner. The murderer Cain has been a prolific subject for painters and sculptors, and the unfortunate brother has been as often represented on canvas and in marble; but the poignant sorrow of the parents over the strange phenomena of death: the taking off of their best beloved son, and that by the hand of his brother, has not been considered as worthy of commemorating.

Perhaps the most interesting church in Florence, to Americans, is San Croce; not so much on account of the edifice itself, as for the reason that it contains the tomb of Michael Angelo, and monuments to Galileo, Dante and Macchiavelli. For extravagance of wealth in its construction, I suppose no chapel of equal size in the world surpasses the



CAPPELLA PAZZI OF CHURCH S. CROCE.

Phototypic Fac-Simile of an Original Sketch by  
WILL S. EAMES.

Medicean Chapel. The interior is composed of the most precious marbles set with jewels. It was originally destined to receive the Blessed Sepulchre, which the Emir Faccardino had promised to wrest from the hands of the infidels, but failing to fulfill his promise, one of the Medicis concluded the next best thing to be done with it was to bury his own disreputable family there. The new sacristi adjoining the Medici Chapel was designed by Michael Angelo to whom its construction was entrusted by Clement VII. The four figures before mentioned—Day, Night, Twilight and Dawn of Day, by the great master, are in this room, as well as statues by the same artist, of two of the Medici Family.

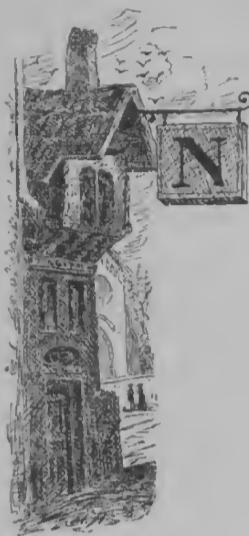
A visit should be paid to the great Duomo, one of the largest churches in Europe, and the beautiful Campanile designed by Giotto. This Campanile, like the leaning tower of Pisa, and the beautiful one near the Church of St. Marks in Venice, is a bell tower. The cathedrals in Italy have no belfries connected with the main edifice, such as we have in America, but a graceful tower standing entirely apart from the church, and built either of brick or marble, with elaborate ornamentation like this in Florence, or the *loggetta* or vestibule of the Campanile at Venice; or perchance like the leaning tower of Pisa, depending entirely upon its architectural forms for beauty, no assistance being derived from sculpture.

We conclude with the mention of the Battistero or Basilica of St. John, which was built in the seventh century, from the materials of a pagan temple. Here are the bronze gates of Ghiberti, said by Michael-Angelo to be worthy of being the gates of Paradise. A reproduction of them in plaster is in the Art Museum in St. Louis.



AU REVOIR.

## ART GOSSIP.



OW that the Fair has been brought to a close, the minds of the people are full of the art display. The exhibition this year varied in many particulars from that of 1880. In some respects it was better, notably in the class of oil paintings that were exhibited direct from the studios of Europe and the Eastern States. Among these were the paintings of Coomans, Max, Perrault, Marchetti, and the cousins DeHaas—the marine DeHaas having sent such a magnificent coast scene, that it is surprising no collector here had the judgment to gather it in. The price was rather high (\$2,500), but it was a marvelously cheap picture even at that figure. That one work and the St. Cecilia, by Max, ought to have been kept in St. Louis, to have given the students of the Art School some lessons in technique and drawing.

As a matter of drawing and sentiment—except for some pictures owned privately—the St. Cecilia of Max affords material for a large art education to the intelligent student. Among the various works brought here from the same studio—all of them great—it is unsurpassed. The drawing of the figure is equal to anything that one can see in the works of Raphael, while the color and expression are superb. When some dilettante talker speaks of the proper relations of color in a painting, his interlocutor may justly call attention to Gabriel Max's St. Cecilia. The background is in perfect keeping with the figure, and is exactly designed by its color-harmony to throw into relief the beautiful subject of the picture. In short, the whole work is harmony, and Max has placed the patron saint of music and inventor of the organ, before the people in such light as to make one almost wish that the ancient days of faith were come again.

One very brilliant writer on the daily press made a very severe criticism on some of the most prominent pictures. To begin with, he found fault with the drawing of the feet of the baby in Perrault's "Maternal Affection." He thought the baby's feet too "crooked and turned awry." Perhaps the ladies are the best critics of babies' feet, and after reading the criticism aforesaid, I made it my business to take several, old and young, before that picture, and ask them what they thought of baby's feet. The replies were feminine—various in expression, but unanimous in meaning—but they may all be formulated: "Oh! I could kiss the little *toeses!*" The women could see no false drawing or awkwardness, and, with all respect to the writer aforesaid, they are, or should be, the best critics of baby drawing.

Truth to say, the Perrault is the best picture that has been shown by this artist in Western America. Usually his work is full of harsh outlines; but in this charming painting there is nothing but softness and delicacy. The baby's hair lays in such a soft fleecy mass, that one can almost fancy he can grasp its warm flexible strands. A fair and just adverse criticism of the picture might be made in saying that the young mother appears too young for her lusty girl baby. This is so apparent, that some of the spectators suggested that instead of being a young mother it must be an elder sister that is nursing the babe. But the true maternal expression in the eyes of the principal figure dispels this notion at once. It is a splendidly painted baby resting on the knees of a mother—young, but a mother.



PILOT KNOB, ARCADIA VALLEY.  
Sketch from the Original Painting by the Artist.

I might go on to call attention to one or two other points in which I am obliged to differ with the critic aforesaid, notably as to his objections to Haquette's "At Grandparents," and Bachereau's "Last Hours of Francis of Lorraine," but the subject is calculated to weary rather than amuse. I cannot help suggesting, however, that it is questionable taste to say offensive things of paintings that are lent by private owners for public exhibitions, with the sole idea of doing the public a benefit. Even if the paintings be obnoxious to adverse criticism, the circumstances do not justify public utterances of the kind. But when they are unquestionably the highest and best expressions of art that the average Fair visitors have ever seen, the wrong becomes intensified.

And speaking of the public spirit alluded to, I am sure I shall be pardoned by the gentleman for stating the fact that Mr. H. L. Dousman, Director of the Department,

hung paintings in Art Hall which, in the aggregate cost him over \$65,000, taking all the insurance risk himself. Every painting there, but his, was insured. To save expense for the Association, he shouldered the risk of his own as well as the trouble involved in moving them.

A novel feature at the Fair was the etchings. Such an exhibition has never before been seen in St. Louis, and none better has been shown in the country. It was a little melancholy to see the small appreciation bestowed upon them. Some of the most cultivated people spent a few hours in studying them, but only eleven of the works were purchased. This says little for art culture in St. Louis, seeing that these same etchings carried off the palm last January, in London, in the International Exhibition, against competitors from all the world, and that the *London Times*, and other leading papers expressed astonishment at the wonderful work of the Americans.

The truth would seem to be that the old sarcasm: "Can anything good come of Galilee?" oppresses American art buyers to-day. This was particularly seen in the careful way in which the people who visited Art Hall eschewed contemplation of several very fine landscapes and marines which were the product of American genius. There was a little scene in Bavaria, painted by Fred Freer, which, had it been labeled Daubigny and put in a New York dealer's store, would have attracted no end of attention. A little



FULL LENGTH FIGURE OF DECEASED SON OF JOHN W. HARRISON, ESQ.  
BY HOWARD KETCHMAR.

From a Sketch by Chas. Holloway,

landscape, "Near Rochester", by C. B. Edwards, New York, got no attention at all, although it was full of merit. A marine "Mid-ocean", by Rehn, of Philadelphia, I am informed came near getting a purchaser, but the would-be buyer hesitated to trust his judgment. This painting is as good in quality as almost any marine I ever saw, and is a most plucky piece of work. Almost invariably a marine painter will refuse to attempt giving the idea of the immensity of the ocean without some

point of repose for the eye to be guided by—some bird on the wing, or some ship sailing over the sea—but Rehn, in this picture has given the full idea of immensity without any adventitious aid. Nothing but light, atmosphere and the heaving, restless water.

Two remarkably well painted pieces of work were Jim Barnsley's water-colors, one of which got the blue ribbon in the local competition. Barnsley is one of those painstaking, faithfully laborious boys who are being reared in the field of art under the auspices of Halsey C. Ives, and the St. Louis School of Fine Arts. He shows the value of the discipline in the work he does, and it is with much regret I have to record the fact that he has been on a sick-bed all the summer.



MORNING.

Sketch from the Original Painting by W. L. Marple

A serious mishap occurred to Paul Harney. He had prepared his figure paintings and portraits to be sent to the Hall for competition, but when the committee met, none of them were hung. It turned out afterwards that through a misunderstanding on the part of somebody, the paintings were not delivered. Had it been otherwise, Paul would have stood a strong chance of getting a blue ribbon.

In landscape, Mr. Marple got both the blue and red ribbon—with accompanying emoluments—and the award met with universal approval. Mr. Gutherz got similar honors in figure painting. In statuary, Kretschmar got the blue ribbon for a full-length statue of a deceased son of Mr. John W. Harrison; and W. W. Gardiner the red for an excellently modeled bust of the late President, James A. Garfield. E. J. Biddle



AT THE GARDEN GATE.

From the Original Painting by E. J. Biddle. Sketch by Charles Holloway.

carried off the double award in portraiture; and in marines Harry Chase got first, and Ernest Baker second prize.

On the whole, the Art Exhibition ought to prove satisfactory to its managers. Aside from two or three unusually brilliant pictures, like Lefebvre's *Morning Glory*, which Mr. Catlin lent last year, the exhibition was of a superior grade—taken all round. The “Young Bohemians,” by Bouguereau, which belongs to Mr. Dousman, is infinitely the best figure picture that has ever been seen in any public exhibition in St. Louis, and the “Lorelei,” is but little—if at all—inferior. The “Christian Pilgrims at the Tomb of the Virgin,” by Lecomte du Nouy, is also one of the few great pictures of the world: while Muller's “Roll-Call” requires no comment. These, with Coomans' “Rosebud,” would alone furnish an exhibition almost equal in value—to



CYPRESS SWAMP IN LOUISIANA.

Sketch from the Original Painting by the Artist.

speak simply of dollars—to the entire contents of almost any other department on the Fair Grounds.

The Sketch Club commenced its series of winter entertainments a few weeks ago, Mr. Meeker being the host. The subject was Buchanan Reid's “Drifting.” The invitation card, an admirable work of art itself, drawn by Mr. Meeker, was published in the last issue of *ART AND MUSIC*.

By the by, I had come near forgetting to call attention to a very well executed landscape, by Mrs. Augusta Bryant, one of Meeker's best students, which attracted much attention at the Fair. It was a view of Pilot Knob, taken from Arcadia Valley.

I have alluded to Mr. Gutherz's success in competition for premium for figure painting, this will be eminently satisfactory to those who know of a little circumstance which happened last year. A premium had been awarded to Mr. Gutherz, but, by misadventure got into the hand of another artist. This individual was immediately apprized of the mistake that had been made, but, instead of making instant reparation began making offensive remarks about the committee and steadily declined to yield the money to its owner. This year he sent a really excellent painting, one that would in all probability have taken the first premium, but the Director refused to hang the work until the old score was settled, so the painting was returned to the artist. Now, the first premium was \$50.00, while the premium unjustly withheld was only \$30.00, so it would seem that the party over-reached was he who refused to do right.

Early in November the St. Louis Sketch Club will inaugurate their new and elegant apartments with a dress reception. The original members doubtless look back with pride to the wonderful progress made by the Club since the time when the meetings were held at such places as were kindly tendered by those interested in its welfare. Before its organization there was an entire absence of co-operation among the artists and those interested in art, but at the present time the Club includes a very large proportion of all the professional artists, amateurs and *connoisseurs* in the city. It is the intention of the Club to give at an early date—probably at Memorial Hall at the Art Museum—an entertainment consisting of living reproductions of celebrated works by the great masters, having the appointments, costumes and accessories historically correct. This will be a rare artistic treat, as in this manner pictures which can only be seen in the great galleries in Europe, can be placed before the spectator with absolute fidelity. The works of Rembrandt are especially adapted to this manner of treatment, and several of those in the National Gallery in London will doubtless be placed before the audience.

A fine etching of a very famous painting has just been placed on view at Pettes & Leathe's, on Washington Avenue. The subject is the battle of Rorke's Drift, an episode of the recent war between the British and Zulus. In this fight the English troops, caught in a corner and hemmed in by overwhelming numbers, performed prodigies of valor. So proud was the British Government of the action that they commissioned De Neuville, the famous French military painter, to go out to the scene of the fight and paint a memorial picture to be placed in the National Collection. I do not remember the precise figure paid to the artist, but it was something enormous—I think ten thousand guineas.

De Neuville was accompanied to Rorke's Drift by officers and men who had been present and active participants in the battle, they being detailed for the purpose of giving the artist information as to details. The result, as shown by the etching, is a most spirited work—indeed, there is a suggestion of too much spiritedness to fit with the ordinary idea of British soldiers in action. There is a total absence of that



THE CAVALIER.  
Original Sketch by Charles Holloway.

stolid hardihood which Elizabeth Thompson gives us in her military pictures. There is, on the contrary, a strong suggestion of French dash and a somewhat dramatic posing for effect. Many of the faces of the soldiers are Frenchy too. But, on the whole, this element is kept tolerably subdued and only appears as a very slight blemish on an undeniably great work. The moment the artist has chosen for depiction is when the Zulus had succeeded in firing the grass-thatched house that was used as a hospital, and when the usual terrors of a close combat were intensified by the necessity of conveying the wounded out of the blazing building amid a shower of assegais and bullets.

Quite recently I made two or three special visits to the Museum for the purpose of studying the Hermes and Infant Dionysos, a cast of which stands in the west wing of the Sculpture Gallery. The original stone was discovered at Olympia, in 1877, and the best judges pronounce it a genuine work of Praxiteles. The myth it is intended to portray is not familiar to the general public. Or, at least, it may not be understood at first sight which particular myth is intended. Zeus, after destroying his mortal spouse, who would insist on seeing her god-lover in all the majesty of omnipotence, rescued her unborn child and enclosed it within his thigh. At the proper time the child was released and entrusted to its elder brother Hermes to be taken to the dwellings of men and presented to them as the medium of communication between the divine mind and their own gross animalism. In this imperfect way the Greeks sought to symbolize the conflicting natures that exist in man: the spiritual and the animal.

A writer of eminence, recently speaking of this statue, admits the impossibility of expressing in words the surpassing beauty of the figure of Hermes. The torso and head are perfect, but the lower legs and the arms are much mutilated. The head, however, is uninjured, and is such a superb expression of the highest known form of art that language can not do justice to it. The writer alluded to confesses this inability, and simply begs all to see and study it. Standing before it I was completely lost in admiration. I can only echo the desire of Thomas P. Davidson.

Speaking of the New York Academy I am reminded to say something of the way in which St. Louis artists are treated there. It is positively shameful. In the Academy last spring there were three or four remarkably fine marines by Harry Chase. Of these, one, perhaps the finest, was hung on the staircase where no one ever looks for good work, and the others were unmercifully "skied" almost out of sight. They were incomparably the best marine paintings there and were given the very worst places. So with that clever young artist E. J. Bissell, his works were thrust out of sight while infinitely inferior material painted by men who write "N. A." after their names was impudently paraded on the line. If the National Academicians continue to abuse their powers in this fashion, it will not be long before they are left to exhibit all alone by themselves; but that is, perhaps, what they desire.

I understand that the German residents of St. Louis are about to erect a colossal

statue to the memory of the late Fred. Hecker. The funds are said to have been nearly all subscribed, and this without any fussy announcements, solemn meetings and continual trumpetings forth in the daily newspapers. This is eminently characteristic of the German way of doing things. Hecker has not been dead a year; while in another monument case which has been conducted on precisely opposite principles, three years of continuous noise has resulted in placing the committee of management in the most awkward position that such a body ever before occupied. It now looks as though the Hecker monument will be completed and in position long before that to Frank Blair will have been begun.

Among the illustrations in this number of *ART AND MUSIC* there are several that deserve special comment, and which will serve as a revelation to St. Louis people, of the quality of artistic talent that is being silently but sedulously cultivated in their midst.

The landscape etching by Herman H. Bollman is especially fine, broad and firm of treatment, full of atmosphere and suggestions of color, and with a fine feeling of aerial perspective.

In similar degree but differing of course as to kind, the sketch the "Weeping Girl," by Paul E. Harvey and the "Cavalier," by Charles Holloway deserve high praise. Harvey's figure, particularly, is exquisitely drawn and the action is so good that one can almost hear the girl sob.

Holloway is also represented in this number by a perfectly executed sketch of Kretschmar's statue of the young son of Mr. Harrison above alluded to. The full strength of the sculptor's skill is shown with admirable precision.

The other illustrations comprise a sketch of Mrs. Augusta Bryant's "Pilot Knob" by the artist; Meeker's "Cypress Swamp," also by the artist; Biddle's "At the Garden Gate," by Charles Holloway, and Marple's "Morning." All of these sketches, as the readers of *ART AND MUSIC* will perceive, are reproductions of some of the more noteworthy of the pictures exhibited at the Fair by local artists, and the sketch work throughout needs no praise from me to ensure for it thorough appreciation.

While on this subject I cannot refrain from calling attention to the initial sketch of each chapter in *ART AND MUSIC*, most of which are the works of Matt. Hastings, the kindest gentleman known to the brotherhood of the brush, and one of best artist St. Louis has ever produced. Mr. Hastings has just completed a very admirable portrait of Bishop Ryan, showing the distinguished orator in his pulpit, his face aglow with the fire of his geni, the lips apparently pouring forth the scholarly eloquence for which the Bishop is so famous. The work is a masterpiece and is designed, I understand, to be disposed of by lottery or raffle for the benefit of the poor. Such a noble work, destined for such a high purpose, should insure a rich harvest and bring comfort to many a chilly heart during the coming winter.

G. M.

## THE CORNER-STONES OF HARMONY.



THE Art of Music and the *Science of Sounds* are, at their present stage of development, not strictly in accord in their views, partly because the latter deals with sounds and harmonic combinations in their absolute purity, according to their true numbers and ratios of vibration, and partly because its investigations are principally directed upon the nature and quality of sound and upon the relative parts of particular harmonic combinations, while the musician's art of the present day is largely the result of a perfected temperament, which requires a slight alteration in the proportionate numbers of vibration of combined sounds, to attain freedom of modulation, *i.e.*: an unrestricted capacity to pass from one key to another.

To obtain an *average of medium* purity for the twelve keys of different pitch, in practical use, *absolute* harmonic purity (easily attainable in a few related keys,) must be sacrificed. So far, at least, no practical way has been discovered by which natural perfection of harmony can be secured with ease in all *modulatory* combinations. The practical art of music, resulting from our modern system, is therefore, somewhat at variance with the fundamental laws and discoveries of acoustics, which have established the intervals according to their purity of consonance, in the following order: the octave, the twelfth and double octave, the fifth, fourth, and major sixth, and then only the major third and minor third, with lastly, the small seventh and minor sixth. The practical Art of Music and Science of Harmony of the present day, however, must of necessity regard the major third, minor third, and major and minor sixth as the most harmonious intervals. Acoustic experiments discover "beats" (clashings) in the relative vibrations of two sounds forming a major third, (which are still more marked in the minor third) rendering the interval slightly dissonant, while none are observed in two sounds forming an octave. But in practical music, the third is the prominently consonant interval, because harmoniously the most important, attractive and meaningful. Without it music would appear empty of sound, and could not be beautiful. It is for this reason that all other intervals are, *musically* speaking, subordinate to the third. In explaining the fundamental laws of Harmony, we must therefore not overlook the fact that the exact science of sounds and the practical art of music have not yet reconciled their views and aims, and that a wider range must be sought and conquered by the first and more marked beauty of physical sound made possible in the second, before they can go hand in hand and point out in the far distance the actual possibilities of the highest beauty in music.

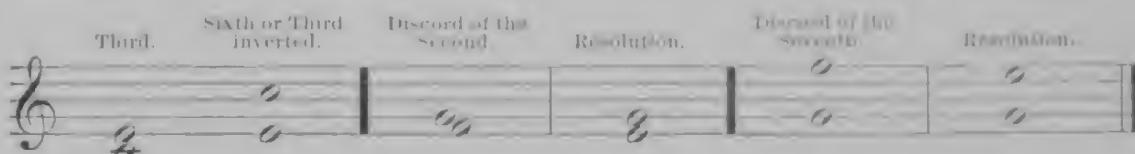
Modern musical science recognizes the *concord of the third* as the foundation of all Harmony.



Thirds may be formed by any given tone and the third tone above it. Two such thirds, one above the other, and in the same key, form a complete chord: Such a chord is purely consonant, and similar ones may be formed upon any given tone.

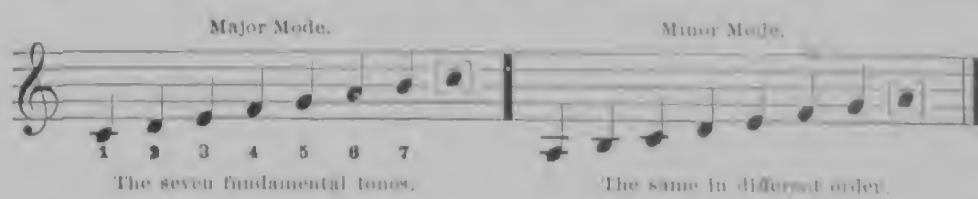
In other words, all purely consonant chords consist of two thirds.

In contrast to the consonant third is the discord of the second, the principle of all musical dissonance: <sup>Discord of the Second.</sup> Music, as an art, consists of a play and alternation of these two elements. Concord is the principle of restful harmony; discord the principle of motion or unrest, with the inherent tendency of a return to reposed consonant sound. Concord is followed by discord, and discord again by concord, or, in technical language: Discord resolves into concord. Upon the judicious use of these two principles depends the writer's success in composition. Both the third and second may appear by inversion, as sixth and seventh.



All chord combinations exempt of second or seventh are consonant. All those containing second or seventh are dissonant.

The material for the formation of all tone combination, as also for all melody or tone *succession*, is to be found in the fundamental tones, of which there are seven of different pitch, all other tones, lower or higher, being merely a repetition of the original seven, at different degrees of height or depth. Thus the entire tone series conveniently represented by the keyboard of the Piano, consists of about seven octaves, each containing the seven fundamental tones at a different height or pitch. All chords are merely the possible tone combinations of the seven fundamental tones; and all melodies are the possible variations of the order of succession of the same tones.—Probably the greatest power of genius is manifested in the creation of musical form, such as we find in the Symphonies of Beethoven. The pieces of Bach and Handel, those wondrously skilled masters, are shorter and of smaller form, and it will scarcely be contested, that Beethoven's greater form makes him the greatest of all composers.—Music has two contrasted modes: Major and Minor. Both are contained within the seven fundamental tones.



The scale of the minor mode has to undergo, a slight alteration to bring it under the law of our modern system of music, which requires the interval of a semitone at the termination of any scale.

Thus, the seven fundamental tones represent the entire system of music with all its possible variations of Harmony, Melody and Modulation, while the *consonant third*, the *dissonant second* and the *major and minor modes* form the corner-stones of the harmonious edifice.

ROBERT GOLDBECK.



PARODY ON JEAN INGELOW.

[Extract from the Gentleman's Magazine.]

In moss-prankt dells which the sunbeams flatter,  
(And heaven it knoweth what they mean;  
Meaning, however, is no great matter),  
Where woods are atremble, with rifts atween;

Through God's own heather we wonn'd together,  
I and my Willie (O love, my love)  
I need hardly remark it was glorious weather,  
And flitterbats wavered a low, above;

Boats were curtseying, rising, bowing,  
(Boats in that climate are so polite)  
And sands were a ribbon of green endowing,  
And O the sun-dazzle on bark and bight!

Through the rare red heather we danced together  
(O, love, my Willie!) and smelt for flowers;  
I must mention again it was gorgeous weather,  
Rhymes are so scarce in this world of ours.

## MUSIC.

## AS A SCIENCE AND AS AN ART.



ONCEIVED in the cradle of the universe, and akin to all in nature, music, from time immemorial, has been associated with every effort of man in the progressive history of the world. In modern times her strides have been so gigantic that she has out-run her sister arts, and made herself distinctly felt to have become a titanic lever, as also a medium of constantly growing influence and subtle power, in working out the civilization of the nations.

In barbarous and semi-barbarous ages, music's melodic strains were alike utilized in urging tribes to the carrying on of internecine and international struggles, as were its more soothing tones ever called into requisition for the promotion of peaceful pursuits. For, rude and uncultivated as the instruments then employed undoubtedly were, such is the power and charm of music, even in its crudest form, that it influenced the human heart with equal power, whether in strife or in peace; even to the application of its undoubted influence in the charming of reptiles, by the Hindoos.

In mediæval times, the Greeks, more markedly, cultivated the art: adapting many of the Arabic and other so-called barbaric melodies, to their use, enhanced by a harmonic setting for both voices and instruments: the Arabs knowing naught of the beauties of harmony, save a monotonous Drone-Bass.

At a more modern period, Carl von Weber introduced several ancient Chinese airs, (said to have been played by Confucius the Wise, upon an instrument called the Kin,) into a march, forming an introduction to Schiller's play entitled "*Turandot*." The effect was ludicrous, yet served well to contrast aboriginal music with modern musical art. Sir Frederick Ouseley, who has made a deep study of oriental music, remarks that "oriental melodies, owing to an entire absence of a knowledge of harmony are frequently lost sight of in the profuse ornamentation and minute variation of pitch and pace." Beauty of melody is more modern and European, though the sublime is the oldest of all styles and imperishable. Felicien David, also illustrates ornamental Egyptian music in his "*Ode Symphony*."

In all ages music has been considered inseparable from religious ceremonies. Indeed it may in truth be said to have received its greatest impetus from this source.

The consideration of the Science of music must here necessarily be treated in a concise form. To the ordinary amateur whose mind has not yet been awakened to the beauties of harmony, it may seem utterly wrong to call music a science. Many more look upon it as some recondite subject, to be classed perhaps as an *art pour passer le temps*, so ignorant of, so supremely indifferent are they to the fact, that mathematical precision, and strictness of rule are necessary to string together the science of music into acceptable harmony. Such individuals very naturally look to the effect only; never giving a thought to the harmonic laws necessary, in the hands of the musician, to the production of such effect.

When the subject is scientifically treated at the hands of an inspired or learned musician, then the result is invariably an accumulation of power, such as moves multitudes to sadness, or to joy; which can touch the most deeply hidden sentiments the human heart is sensible of. There is no more indisputable proof of this, than the sight which occurs at every English Triennial Handel Festival, when some thirty thousand listeners rise to their feet as a unit, upon hearing the first chords of the "Hallelujah Chorus;" the result of the application of a creative master-mind to the science of music, being the cosummation of the art in its highest and most attractive form. Such, happily, is the construction of the human mind, that, though lighter trash may attract for the nonce, yet, as education advances, nothing short of the genuine and classical in art, will satisfy our more æsthetical cravings.

Music is coterminous with Physics, its wave-motions, or spherical vibrations, being as scientifically formulated as the rays of light. Helmholtz gives a beautiful illustration of this fact. He says: "every individual *partial* tone, exists in the *compound musical* tone, produced by a single musical instrument, just as truly as the different colors of the rainbow exist in the white light proceeding from the sun."

The art of music consists in rendering it in a cultivated style. It is essentially an abstract art, and cannot therefore be used as a precise medium for the absolute description of facts. The most modern music, best illustrated perhaps by Wagner (but of which Glück was reputedly the original instigator), is, as Beethoven designed much of his music to be, (to-wit: his "Pastoral Symphony"), "descriptive of expression and feeling," giving rather the record of impressions, than the actual representation of facts. The finest Symphony ever written never conveyed precisely the same impressions to two individuals.

Melody is the soul, the very essence of all that is musical; its beauty is but intensified through the accompanying harmonies; for as the artificial setting is to the gem that once shed its lustre in the mine, so the beauties and descriptive powers of melody, are but enhanced by scientific harmony.

The combination of melody and harmony are portrayed in the highest form of the art in the Oratorios, Masses and Symphonies of the great masters, frequently rising to the sublime in poetic religion.

Experience teaches, that to succeed in anything, a sound substantial basis is

indispensable, and music is no exception to this. For the educated musician is reserved the privilege of affording a deep source of enlightenment and enjoyment to his fellows; through his instrumentality man can be soothed under affliction or roused to noble and generous exploits.

It is undeniable, even by the veriest cynic, that music, of all the arts, stands paramount in its wonderful influence in affecting our tenderest emotions, for it is reserved the power to awaken hope, fear, compassion, hatred, love or reverence. It has always existed, and will continue to exist, through all time, and it may be assumed even into eternity. Nature is permeated with its ever-varying tone-blendings continuously uniting in one grand harmonious psalm in praise of the Universal Governor.

The recent throwing open of the Memorial Hall to the uses of music, may be taken as an earnest that in the near future, a school of music, founded upon a firm basis (mayhap even the establishment of free scholarships therein), such as can be found in modern Europe, and many cities on this continent, working contemporaneously with painting and sculpture for the developement of the beautiful, and the improvement of the human mind, may be established by liberal minded patrons of the art.

So universally is the language of music becoming disseminated, that no entertainment is considered complete, if it be not present in some tangible form. No religious body would deem it advisable to hold their meetings in the absence of its divine influence, and in every household, no matter how humble, the elevating presence of music is considered as part of its daily exercises. In fact it may be said that our ordinary existence would become monotonous and cheerless bereft of its subtle charm, and might be comparable to nature deprived of her ever-changing verdure tints, and odorous flower gardens.

In this fast-growing western division of the great American continent, there is surely ample room for the dissemination, publicly and otherwise, of the musical art, the influence of which would be felt in its tendency to counteract many of those crudities, the natural outcome of a vast area, rapidly populated by mixed peoples, of various classes.

EDGAR BUCK.





## MUSICAL GOSSIP.

Campanini is a Jewel — who rarely disappoints an audience.  
We have three tenors in our city who can sing the high C (ut).  
Perseverance, a good voice, or a good touch will accomplish wonders.  
One of our greatest composers began studying harmony after his fortieth year.  
Do choir singers ever reflect that they have responsibilities beyond receiving their pay?

Miss Minnie Hauck and Mdlle. Ferni are Mapleson's prima donnas. Miss Emma Juch, a New York girl, is another attraction of this troupe.

Why do amateurs generally stop half-way in their studies? A little flattery upsets them, and the consequence is, they think they know it all.

The Liederkranz Society are rehearsing Heinrich Hoffman's cantata: "The Fair Melusina," which they intend to perform with grand orchestra.

How very few—even *good* singers or players—pay attention to *phrasing*! And yet, this is the very thing that gives *variety* to even a poor composition.

Mrs. K. J. Brainard, the faithful and industrious worker in vocal training, has resumed her duties, after enjoying the benefit of a four months' European tour.

Beethoven was on the point of destroying his magnificent composition of "Adelaide," when a friend of his rescued it from the flames and thus preserved it to the world.

There is a better class of music published at St. Louis, and in better and more careful style than in any other city on this side of the ocean. Reason: all our publishers are musicians.

Miss Carrie Conant, is at present studying with Toriani in New York, the part of Margueritha (Gounod's Faust) with energy. Her friends predict success, which as a diligent student she is bound to win.

Joseph Schnaider—whose death is just announced—was a liberal supporter in musical enterprises, and was the chief acting member in setting the ball in motion for the present beautiful Liederkranz Building.

Faure, the great Baritone, is said to be the grandest interpreter of Gounod's "Les Rameaux" and "Crucifix." Pity that he will not visit this country—saying that it would shorten his life five years, besides losing probably his voice.

*Good* conductors of orchestras or choral societies are scarce all over the world. We do not mean one who merely saws the air, but one that can *dissect* a score and glean from it the beauties or peculiarities of a composition and explain it to the performers as he understands the composer's intentions.

Prof. J. M. North, who has taken rooms in the Singer Building, is hard at work with a large class of scholars in vocal music.

Adelina Patti is to arrive now *safely* the first week in November, with Nicolini and troupe.

Miss Henrietta Leisse will sing again the prominent part at the coming Liederkranz Concert.

Mr. Goldbeck is arranging for a series of musical entertainments at his residence, 2640 Washington Avenue.

Miss Cornelia Petring who sang with marked success last winter, is studying with a view of earning fresh laurels this season.

Prof. Otto Soldan, a very excellent solo violinist has just returned from a European tour. He will either locate in our city or Chicago.

Mrs. Albert F. Dean has returned from Chicago where she has given successful vocal recitals at the Normal of the Hershey School.

*Free* concerts are extensively patronized. The plat for the Legion of Honor concert on the 27th inst. was filled up on the *first* day that it was opened.

All our music teachers are having their time rapidly filled up. A good sign that the taste for music is progressing and that everybody must be in fashion.

Prof. E. A. Back, the famous basso has resigned his position at the Church of the Messiah. Prof. Max Ballman, Mr. Saler and Mr. E. Ellwanger are mentioned as probable successors.

When Litta was here people went wild over her vocal gymnastics, which were poorly executed; and Albani, one of the best artists that ever appeared, failed to draw. Such is taste.

Mr. Charles Balmer is the possessor of three photographs of Adelina Patti. One, as a girl of eight years, the second as a young lady of seventeen, and the last as a mature grown prima donna.

Miss Jessie Foster is in the city. The summer rest has greatly improved her voice and we look forward to the appearance of this young artist of phenomenal execution in the concert room this winter.

Prof. Henry Allman is hard at work with a large class of scholars. He has also organized his pupils into a class for rehearsing part music. The class meets every Tuesday night at his rooms 2932 Olive street.

Col. Mapleson's Opera Troupe began its winter season at New York, with Minnie Hauck as prima donna, and Campanini as tenor. The performances were Lohengrin and Carmen, but both failed to create enthusiasm in the audiences. Ardit is, as usual, the maestro of the baton.

Edison's instantaneous guide to the piano and organ. This guide is one of the wonders of the 19th century. By its use any child can, within five to eight minutes, play a piece on the piano or organ. The Edison Music Co., 308 N. Sixth Street will please accept our thanks for copies of music sent us.

Prof. E. Fröhlich was again elected as director of the Liederkranz Society.

Mr. Pommer will have no operas this year. He has received several librettos but none are up to the standard.

Prof. Max Ballman who has lately returned from Europe, has taken Room 38 in the Singer Building, where he will receive his friends.

The next issue of *Kunkel's Musical Review* will appear in regular music page size 11x14, containing thirty-two pages and cover.

MARCHESI, the great singing master, has left Vienna, Austria, for Paris, France, where he thinks a larger and better field is in store for him.

The Apollo Club, a male chorus organized by Mr. W. H. Pommer, consists of sixteen selected members, who meet every Monday evening for rehearsals.

The quartette "Fountain of Youth"—in this number was suug last winter with great success by the Misses Russell, Mr. McIlvain and Mr. Johnson.

If people wish to hear good church music, let them go to the Second Baptist Church, of which Dr. Boyd is Pastor, where they will hear Prof. Bowman play the organ.

Mdlle. Geistinger the famous German soprano of the style of Gerster has arrived at New York, where she creates as much furore as before. She will visit the West during the season.

The Orchestra Rehearsals of the St. Louis Musical Union, (the new society) of which Mr. Waldauer is chief of orchestra is progressing finely. It promises to be a rich and rare treat to lovers of ensemble music.

Miss Hattie P. Sawyer has composed six very charming Ballads of different styles, three of which have already appeared, which we highly recommend to our lady friends. The music shows originality which fits the words admirably. She is an indusutrious student—is gifted with fine taste—hence her future is sure to be in the ascendant.

Miss Nellie Strong. This talented young lady, long and favorably know in this city, has just returned from Europe, where for the last three years and a half, she has been studying with the best masters, including Reinecke and the great Liszt. Miss Strong had many inducements offered to stay in Europe, but returned to her native city, to accept the position of teacher of one of the principal piano departments in the Beethoven Conservatory.

Mr. Robert Goldbeck, the pianist and composer, has greatly enlarged his College of Music. It is now located at 2640 Washington Avenue, with ample and elegant accommodations for Musical and residence purposes. The College contains a number of music rooms beautifully fixed up and furnished with new and excellent pianos. Mr. Robert Goldbeck continues to teach personally with the assistance of our rising young musician Otto Bollman, and Professor Geo. H. Farewell of McKendree College. Other engagements of important talent are impending, and the director, Mr. Goldbeck, intends to place the school on a regular and generally useful basis by establishing terms so moderate as to be accessible to all.

The German Branch of the Y. M. C. A. will, in the last week of November, give a grand concert, under the direction of one of our ablest musicians, Herr. Carl Richter, of the Beethoven Conservatory. The Committee have taken special pains to make this, their first concert of the season, a grand success. The best talent in the city has been secured for the occasion. The Committee in charge consists of Mr. John H. Becker, Chairman; Mr. E. A. Blancke, Mr. Theophilus Herzog, Mr. George Mehl, Mr. M. Wanner and Mr. Frank S. Saeger.

First concert given by the Musical Union, Nov. 17th. Dress rehearsal Nov. 16th, 10 o'clock in the morning. A number of musicians will arrive from Cincinnati to participate in the first concert.

Among the novelties introduced by orchestra is a "Humoresque" of a German song, and how it has been used by Mozart, Beethoven, Haydn, Meyerbeer, Strauss and Wagner, the different styles of all the above composers make this piece of music highly interesting and amusing, and no wonder that it has become the favorite musical production of the day, and made its way in an incredible short time all over the world.

Miss Emma Cranch, of Cincinnati, as soprano; Miss Lena Anton, of New York City, as Pianist; and Mr. Thomas C. Doan, the favorite tenor, will appear at the first concert given by the Musical Union.

Miss Nellie Strong is engaged to appear in the second concert. This will be her debut since her return from Europe.

Mr. B. Vogel, Director of the orchestra at the Olympic Theatre for thirty years, has also been appointed Director of the orchestra at the Grand Opera House. He also has in active preparation, his reed band of thirty men for next summer, and we hope he will give those delightful open air concerts at the Lafayette Park again.

The Epstein Mascotte Grand Opera Company will appear November 6th, at the Grand Opera House, with grand chorus of forty voices, full orchestra, elegant costumes and scenery. Bettina, Miss Lizzie Keiler; Fianetta, Miss Ida Steinberger; Peppo, Mr. Ben Straus; Lorenzo, Mr. N. Dillenberg; Frederic, Mr. McGinnis; Sargent, Mr. Lou. Maas; Mr. G. Brockman of the Worster Company, stage manager. Epstein Bros. Musical Directors.

Prof. Clinton D. Price's concert at Art Association Hall, October 26th, was a grand success, musically and financially.

# SILVER CLIFFE CONCERT MARCH.

*Introduction.*

F. MUELLER JR.



MARCH.





# QUARTETTE

FROM THE OPERA

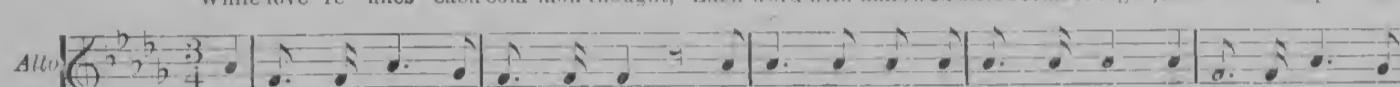
## “THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.”

W. H. POMMER.

*Andantino.*

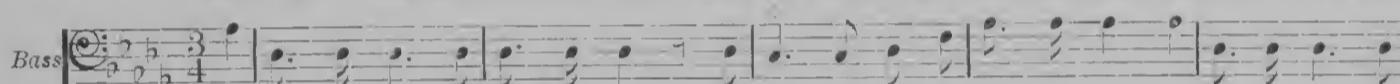
Sop. 

The on - ly hour of per - fect bliss Vouchsafed to man be - low, is this, When love de-clared re-  
While love re - fines each com-mon thought, Each word with hallowed bliss seems fraught, And what the lips can

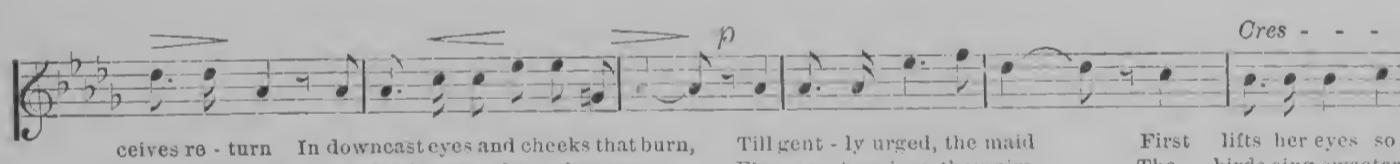
Alto 

Ten. 

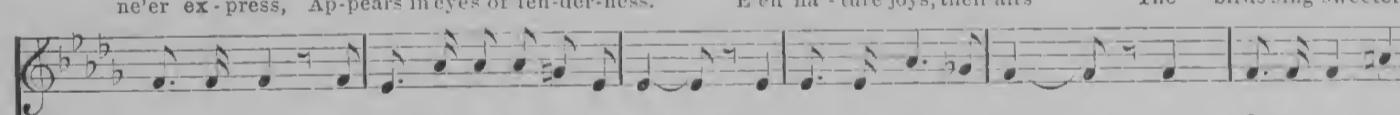
The on - ly hour of per - fect bliss Vouchsafed to man be - low, is this, When love de-clared re-  
While love re - fines each com-mon thought, Each word with hallowed bliss seems fraught, And what the lips can

Bass 

*Piano ad lib.* 

*Cres - - -* 

ceives re - turn In downcast eyes and cheeks that burn, Till gent - ly urged, the maid First lifts her eyes so  
ne'er ex - press, Ap-pears in eyes of ten-der-ness. E'en na - ture joys, their airs The birds sing sweeter

*Cres - - -* 

ceives re - turn In downcast eyes and cheeks that burn, Till gent - ly urged, the maid First lifts her eyes so  
ne'er ex - press, Ap-pears in eyes of ten-der-ness. E'en na - ture joys, their airs The birds sing sweeter

*Cres - - -* 

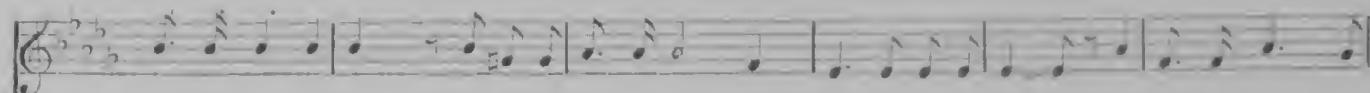
Till gently urged the maid First lifts her eyes so  
E'en na - ture joys, their airs The birds sing

*Cres - - -* 



el - o - quent With love; then bolder gives consent, And speaks, no more a fraud,  
than of yore, And stars shed softer radiance o'er Such hap - py lov - ing pairs.

A vaunt then thoughts of

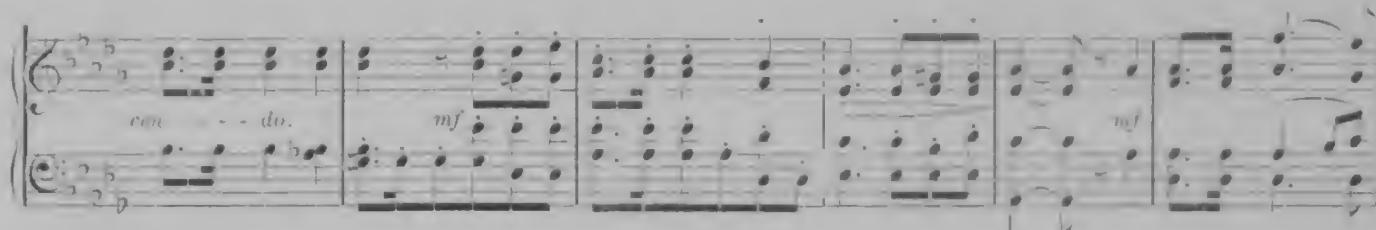


el - o - quent With love; then bolder gives consent, And speaks no more a fraud,  
than of yore, And stars shed softer radiance o'er Such hap - py lov - ing pairs.

A vaunt then thoughts of

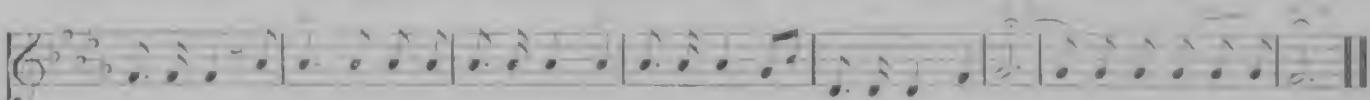


eyes      so el - oquent With love, then bolder gives consent And speaks, no more a fraud,  
sweet - - - er than of yore, And stars shed softer radiance o'er Such happy lov - ing pairs.



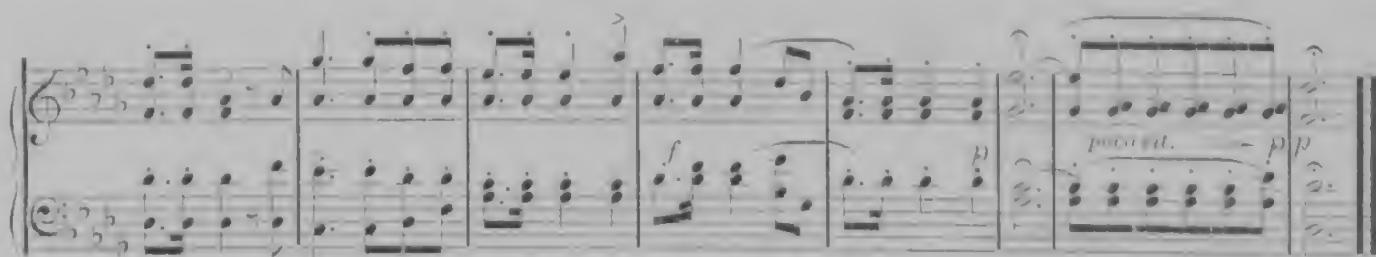
earth - ly things! Corroding care and grief take wing! Forgotten ev'ry adverse power, Let love - - -

control each fitting hour!



earth - ly things! Corroding care and grief take wing! Forgotten ev'ry adverse power, Let love - - -

control each fitting hour!



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